

# OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME I.

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NUMBER 1.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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The tumult, or mounds of the western country, are first seen on the southern shores of lake Erie. We trace them through the western parts of New York. We find them increasing in numbers and size in the state of Ohio. They are, in the north, with more or less frequency, over all the valley; and from Humboldt we learn that in mounds of a similar character about 1 Mexico. If so much had not already been written upon the subject, we should hardly be able to do our reader a service, in a short discussion upon the question, by whom these mounds were formed, and for what purposes? As every object of the most quiet and easily seen objects, without the slightest rational element, on which to found it, we shall defer at once, that's interpretation could throw no certain light on the subject. Whether the mass of them was constructed for sacrifices, obsequies, temples, or tombs, it is hopeless to enquire. That some of them served for the last purposes, we have the conclusive evidence, that they abound in human bones. It has been often asserted, that some of the mounds are full of bones, that are pretreated, as though the living subjects were slain in battle; and the skeletons are heaped together in promiscuous confusion, as if buried after a conflict, without order or arrangement. The bones, which we have seen were such, and so arranged, as might be expected in the common process of solemn and deliberate inhumation. The mounds show no more art, though infinitely more labor, than might be expected from the present Indians.—They are mere erections of earth, exhibiting no other trace of skill, than that most of them are of regular forms, contained under circular or right lines. Iron tools were not used in the formation of them. Stones make no part of them. Yet many of the squares and parallelograms make a much more conspicuous figure after a lapse of unknown ages, than the defences of earth, thrown up on the Atlantic shore, during the revolutionary war.

Some of them are said to be found on hills. We have seen none such. They are generally on fertile, wooded bottoms, plains, or the richer alluvial prairies, where wild fruits, game and fish are abundant and at hand. The most dense ancient population existed precisely in the places, where the most crowded future population will exist in the generations to come. The appearance of a series of mounds generally indicates the contiguity of rich and level lands, easy communications, fish, game, and the most favorable adjacent positions. The only circumstance, which strongly discredits their having been formed by the progenitors of the present Indians, is the insignificance of the size of some of them, beyond what could be expected from the scarce population and the indolence of the present race. We know of no monuments, which they now raise for their dead, that might not be the work of a few people in a few days. We have seen mounds, which would require the labor of a thousand of the men employed on our canals with all their mechanical aids, and the improved implements of their labor for months. We have, more than once, hesitated in view of one of these prodigious mounds, whether it were not really a natural hill. But they are uniformly so placed, in reference to the adjoining country and their conformation is so uniform and similar that no eyes hesitates long in referring them to the class of artificial erections. The largest, that has been discovered in the Ohio valley, as far as we know, is in the bottom of Grave Creek, near its entrance into the Ohio, and fourteen miles below Wheeling. It is between thirty and forty rods in circumference at its base, with a proportionate diameter. It is seventy feet in perpendicular height, and has a table area on its summit, which is sixty feet in diameter, in the centre of which is a great and regular concavity. A single white oak rises from this cavity, like a stilt.

## A LIGHT NIGHT.

From "Galathie, a Story of the Past, Present and Future."

Dismounting, for the side of the hill was almost precipitous, I led my panting Arab through beds of myrtle, and every lovely and sweet smelling bloom to the edge of a valley that seemed made to shut out every disturbance of man.

A circle of low hills, covered to the crown with foliage, surrounded a deep space of velvet turf, kept green as the emerald by the flow of rivulets, and the moisture of a pellicid lake in the centre, tinged with every color of the heavens. The beauty of this sylvan spot was enhanced by the luxuriant profusion of almond, orange, and other trees, that, in every stage of production, from the bud to the fruit, covered the little knolls below, and formed a broad belt round the lake.

Parched as I was by the intolerable heat, this secluded haunt of the spirit of freshness looked doubly lovely. My eyes half blinded by the glare of the sun, and even my mind exhaust-

ed by perplexities of the day, found delicious relaxation in the verdure and dewy breath of the silent valley. My heart, with the quick sense of animals accustomed to the travel of the wilderness, showed her delight by playful boundings, the provider necting of the neck, and the brighter glancing of her bright eye.

"Here," thought I, as I led her slowly towards the deep descent, "would be the very spot for the innocence that had not tried the world, or the philosophy that had tried it and found all vanity. Who could dream that within the borders of this distressed land, in the very hearing almost visible the very sight, of the last miseries that man could inflict on man, there was a retreat; which the foot of man has never yet disturbed; and in which the calamities that afflict us might be as little felt as if we were among the stars?"

A violent plash of the bridle put an end to my speculation. She exhibited the wildest signs of terror, snorted and strove to break from me; then fixt her glances keenly on the thickets below, and shook in every limb. But the chameleon lay basking in the sun, and the only sound was that of the wild doves murmuring under the broad leaves of the palm tree.

But my mare still resisted every effort to lead her downwards, her ears were fluttering continually, her eyes were starting from their sockets; I grew prevail of the animal's unusual obstinacy, and was about to let her suffer thirst for the rest of the day, when my senses were paralyzed by a tremendous roar. A lion stood on the summit which I had just quitted. He was not a dozen yards above my head, and his first spring must have carried me to the bottom of the precipice. The bridle burst away at once, I drew the only weapon I had, a dagger,—and, hopeless as escape was, grasping the tangled bushes, and mingled with the verdure and the flowers; when our thoughts traversed rivers of a thousand leagues in length; when we have seen the ascending steam boat bearing the sorgh, and gleaming through the verdure of the trees; when we have imagined the happy multitude, that from these shores will contemplate this scenery in the days to come; we have thought that our great country might at least compare with any other, in the beauty of its natural scenery. When, on an uninhabited prairie, we have fallen in at nightfall upon a group of these mounds, and have thought of the masses of human bones, thatoulder beneath the heart and the imagination evoke the busy multitudes, that here "stratified through life's poor play," and ask the phantoms who and what they were, and why they have left no memorials, but these mounds; we have found ample scope for reflections and associations of the past with the future. We should not highly estimate the mind, or the heart of the man, who could behold these tombs of the prairies without deep thought.

These regions bear ample testimonials, of another sort, of a world gone by. Besides the human skeletons, found in the nice caves, and at the Maramec, of which we shall have occasion to speak in another place, there are found at the licks, and, as habitation and cultivation bring us more acquainted with what is concealed beneath the soil, over all the valley, nests of bones of animals of enormous sizes, to which the name of mammoth and megatherium, have been given. A ship's cargo could easily be furnished. The bones of animals of different classes, forms and sizes from any that are now known to exist, and different, too, from the mammoth, are discovered in the same places with these huge remains. While we are writing they are exhibiting in New Orleans the bones of an animal to which the mammoth must have been a pigmy, found near Plaquemine, on the Mississippi, below the city. They have been ascertained, and denied to be the bones of whale, a gigantic and unwearied antipodean, as far as we know, is in the bottom of Grave Creek, near its entrance into the Ohio, and fourteen miles below Wheeling. It is between thirty and forty rods in circumference at its base, with a proportionate diameter. It is seventy feet in perpendicular height, and has a table area on its summit, which is sixty feet in diameter, in the centre of which is a great and regular concavity. A single white oak rises from this cavity, like a stilt.

The most numerous group of mounds, that we have seen is near Cahokia, in the American bottom. There are said to be two hundred in all. The largest is on the banks of Cahokia creek. Its form is that of a parallelogram.—Its circumference is commonly given at eight hundred yards, and its height at ninety feet. There is a terrace on the south side of it. The monks of La Trappe had a monastery adjoining it and their garden was on the terrace. They cultivated the mound. The earth could not have furnished them a place more in keeping with their profession and avowed objects. In the midst of the American bottom, perhaps the most fertile spot on the globe, exerting its exhaustless fertility only in the production of dense forests, or a useless luxuriance of weeds and flowers, all in view of their dwelling is a solitary prairie. A few dreamy men, vowed to perpetual silence, apparently belonging more to another world, then this, seat themselves on one

of these lonely and inexplicable monuments of generations, that are now no more, in the midst of gigantic weeds, gaudy flowers, and rank grass, the silent valley. My heart, with the quick sense of animals accustomed to the travel of the wilderness, showed her delight by playful boundings, the provider necting of the neck, and the brighter glancing of her bright eye.

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A COUPLE OF STRAY LEAVES.

"Es una dice omnes."

Leaf the first—six months after marriage.

"Well my dear, will you go to the party to-night? You know we have a very polite invitation.

"Why my love, just as you please, you know I always wish to consult your pleasure.

"Well then, Harriet, suppose we go, that is if you are perfectly willing, now don't say yes because I do, for you know that where you are there I am perfectly happy.

"Why my love, you would enjoy yourself there I am sure, and wherever you are happy I shall be of course. What dress shall I wear?

William?—my white satin with blonde lace, or my ash of roses, or my levantine, or my white lace, you always know better than I about such things.

"Harriet dearest, you look beautiful in anything, now take your choice to-night—I do think you look very well in white satin.

"There William, dear, I knew you would think just as I did—oh! how happy we shall be there to-night, and you must promise not to leave me a moment for I shall be so sad if you do.

Leave this dearest, leave thee,

No, by yonder star I swear—

"Oh, William, dear William, how beautiful is, you are always learning poetry to make me happy.

"And Harriet, my own prized Harriet, would I not do any thing in this world to give you one moment's happiness. Oh, you are so very, very dear to me, it seems at times almost too much happiness to last.

"Oh, do not say so dear William, it will last—and we shall see many years happier even than this, for will not we be stronger and deeper every year, and now dearest, I will be back in one moment and then we will go.

"There she has gone, bright and beautiful creature that she is—Oh, how miserable I should be without her—she has indeed cast a strong spell around my heart, and one that never, never can be broken; she is the only star of my existence, guiding me on to virtue and happiness, and can I ever love her less than now?—can I ever desert her, can I ever speak of her other than in terms of praise?

"Oh, no, it is impossible—she is too good, too pure, happy man that I am.

Leaf the second—six years after marriage

"Finis coronatus."

"My dear, I'll thank you to pass the sugar, you didn't give me but one lump.

"Well, Mr. Snooks, I declare you use sugar enough in your tea to sweeten a horse's head of vinegar. James keep your fingers out of the sweetmeats; Susan keep still bawling; I declare enough to set one distracted; there take in the thicker below at a single bound.

"The whole thicket was instantly alive; the shade which I had fixed on for a seat of earthly tranquility, was an old haunt of lions, and the mighty heard were now roused from their noon day slumbers. Nothing could be grander, or more terrible, than this disturbed majesty of the forest kings. In every variety of savage passion, from terror to fury, they plunged, and tore, and yelled; darted through the lake, burst through the thicket, rushed up the hills, or stood baying and roaring defiance against the coming invader; the numbers were immense, for the raveness of the shade and water had gathered them from every quarter of the desert.

While I stood clinging to my perilous hold, and fearful of attracting their gaze by the slightest movement, the source of the commotion appeared, in the shape of a Roman soldier issuing from a hole in the earth, through a ravine at the further side of the valley. He was palpably unconscious of the formidable place into which he was entering; and the galant clamour of voices through the hills, showed that he was followed by others as bold and unconscious of their danger as himself.

But his career soon closed; his horse's feet had scarcely touched the turf, when a lion was fixed with lungs and claws on the creature's loins. The rider uttered a cry of horror, and for the instant, sat helplessly gazing at the open jaws behind him. I saw the lion gathering up his flanks for a second bound, but the soldier took advantage of the opportunity, and grasped the figure of gigantic strength, grasping the nostrils of the monster with one hand, and, with the other, shortening his spear, drove the steel, at one stroke, into the lion's forehead. Horse, horn and rider fell, and continued struggling together.

In the next moment a mass of cavalry came thundering down the ravine. They had broken off from their march, through the accident of rousing a straggling lion, and followed him to the joyful ardor of the chase. The sight before them was enough to appal the boldest.

The valley was filled with the roar of the vast herd; retreat was impossible, for the troops came still pouring in by the only pass, and from the sudden descent of the glen, horse and man were reared head foremost among the lions; neither man nor monster could retreat. The conflict was horrible; and the heavy spears of the legionaries ploughed through bone and brain. The hosts, made more furious by wounds, sprang upon the powerful horses, and tore them to the ground, or flew at the troopers' throats, and crushed and dragged away cuirass and buckler.

The valley was a struggling heap of human and savage battle; man, horse and charger, writhing and rolling in agonies, till their forms were utterly disfigured.

The groans and cries of the mangled horses, the screams of the mangold horses, and the roars and howlings of the lions, bleeding and torn by the sword and spear, tearing the dead, darting up the sides of the hills in terror, and rushing down again with the fresh thirst of gore, baffled all conception of fury and horror.

But man was the conqueror at last; the savages scared by the spear and thinned in their numbers, made a rush in one body towards the

ravine, overthrew every thing in their way, and burst from the valley, awaking the desert for the doctrine of Lord Monboddo) to a shirt what man is to a monkey—that is, it has got rid of its tail.

The dickey may be worn with a shirt, just as it happens to suit the fancy, the purse, or the convenience of the wearer.

The latter is the most economical mode—but there are some gentlemen, who do not scruple to wear both, the apology and the shirt, at the same time. Nay, there are some who will wear a dozen of these apologies at once, one above the other, like Joseph's seven wigs, and each hiding the other beneath it, and tenaciously reserving the whole essence of bodily filth, collected by swearing and sweltering through the dust and dirt of a six weeks campaign.

The dickey is the traveller's friend, and saves him all the expenses of a trunk or valise. He drags a dozen into the crown of his hat, and as soon as his shirt becomes dirty, he makes it the foundation whereon to build his superstructure of dickeys; and they may be seen rising weekly or semi-weekly, dickey above dickey; transferred from the crown of his hat to the chin, and swelling out the bosom; so that returning home shirting with a round dozen of those nice shirts, the traveller is gratulated on his round appearance, and the evident advantages which his health has derived from the journey, and hence a trip to the springs often, and most unjustly, bears away the credit alone due to a well arranged series of dickeys.

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Berkshire American.

*Quarrelling for the Lovers.*—The Philadelphia Gazette and the Boston Courier are unanimously convinced that a ticket containing the names of John McLane and Daniel Webster, for President and Vice President, would be supported by the East and the West, according to the Courier. *Arcales amb!* They are both right, doubtless; the East and the North and the West will go for this ticket, and the South will support whomever it shall please them to support.

The prospect is exhilarating—office, power, loves, fish, and victory!

*Aliquid apri surgit in meo—but, troubles spring up—there is a difficulty!* The nominating journals differ about the order in which the names shall stand—one will have the highest office for Mr. McLane, and the other claims it for Mr. Webster. This is unfortunate!

Can not the difference be composed? Suppose the candidates hold a Congress, and agree between themselves—or suppose the two journals who patronize them, toss a copper for the choice—or suppose they appeal to us for a decision?

Something must be done, for the pinch is provoking, and if these papers do not arrange the affair, the republican convention may have no candidate to recommend to their constituents.

[N. Y. Standard.]

*The Quaker Trial.*—At Trenton, proceeds to its final issue with a tardy pace. The orthodox party of the Friends are possessed of property bequeathed to the society many years ago.

The Hicksite party having become most numerous, now lay claim to it—the two parties not agreeing to hold it in common. The former contend that the grant was made to the society, as a religious body, professing a certain faith, as then understood—and that a new sect, retaining only the outward garb, without the inward doctrine of those for whose benefit the donation was made, cannot take the property which must follow the will of the donor.

The latter maintain that they have not separated from the original faith as to lose their identity, and that, admitting their departure, the title to the property does not depend upon a peculiarity of religious faith.

*Naval.*—The United States ship of the line Delaware, Captain Ballard, sailed from Hampton Roads yesterday morning for New York, with a fresh southerly breeze, which will probably take her to that port in thirty hours.

On Monday, the President of the United States, and his suite, paid a visit to the Delaware, and were attended through the ship by Captain Ballard and his officers. The President expressed in warm terms his admiration of the interior wonders of this prodigious floating castle, its superior style of equipment, and the high state of discipline observed in every department. At going on board, and leaving the ship, he was complimented with a salute of twenty-one guns—although he had signified his wish to dispense with that ceremony.

*Norfolk Herald.*

*The Land Sale again.*—"Much remains unsung" relative to this affair. We are told that Mr. Jones of this city who acted as bidder, has been arrested and held to bail in a large sum, in an action founded on the part taken by him on that occasion. A singular gentleman is said to be in the same predicament.

*Bost. Mer. Jour.*



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said to flattery and man worship, when at a certain limit, which no one should be object of our adulation is yet among us with mitted to exceed. The restriction to a moderate power to reward. But it far otherwise erate sum, which is within the reasonable con- in the respect which we pay to the departed, venience of most, affords the greatest chance. In this there is nothing selfish, degrading or of contribution to all, is calculated to afford un- bise, for it is generous and without the hope of personal satisfaction. On the present project, reward. The dead whose life is the theme of we understand that no one shall be allowed to our eulogium cannot look up through the cloud go beyond one dollar. This is judicious, and beneath which his form lies moulderling to give well considered in every respect. It will at us, in return, so much as a smile for praises; once give the greatest amount, and will enable and as we rear with disinterested and holy zeal almost every one in the community who shall the monumental pile over the spot where he see the columns ascend, to say with just and reposes, no voice of thankfulness comes up honest pride, "I gave as much to this object, as from the silent grave. We repeat it, that rev- any man."

This is well—it is keeping with the nature feeling of our natures, purifying and exalt- of the object, and the character of the patriot- ing the heart from which it flows. On all proper occasions, then, we should indulge in it, and for details to day—except to state that the pro- cherish its exercise. It wakes within us some- ject was provided for by a Resolve of the last thing of the lofty moral spirit of the Platonic, Legislature, empowering the late Governors who smitten with the love of abstract virtue, King and Parris, Chief Justice Mellen and Gen. Benj. Vaughan, Esq; with their associates to bow to worship the pure, disembodied genius of excellence.

This is not all. Monuments to departed worth are among the noblest incentives to virtue. They abounded in the free States of antiquity. The inventive and elegant Greeks lavished the exhaustless stores of their exquis- ite in beautifying the cemeteries of their il- lustrious dead. Thermistocles could not sleep.

It was the trophies of Miltiades that fired with

restless ambition his youthful breast. Along

the Appian way the youth of Rome imbibed

the love of freedom and caught a spirit of pa- triotism as they contemplated the columns, ob-

elisks, and pyramids which contained the ashes

of the heroes of the republic. Why should we reject such useful lessons? So long as their

erection is confined to the gratitude of the people in their individual capacities, there is little

danger that such monuments will be perverted

from the noble ends for which alone they should

be raised. None will say that Enoch Lincoln's memory does not deserve a monument from the people of Maine. Our State was the glo- ry of his noble heart. He labored to make the

features of her moral character correspond to

the majestic mould in which nature has cast

physical lineaments. In every thing that con- cerned her dignity, rights, and honor, Lincoln

was proud and jealous as a lover. Would to

Heaven there was more of his lofty and chival- rous spirit abiding among us; and heign would

we hope that this effort to pay a tribute of re- spect to his memory, might awaken in the minds

of our Young Men, at least, some new aspira- tions to emulate the noble traits of his public

character. As they inscribe their names on the records of the association, the act should

raise a thrill of admiration for those manly and patriotic virtues to honor which the asso- ciation is formed. Above all should it bring

up in warm remembrance the unwavering, in-

corruptible, and gallant devotion which Lin- coln maintained toward our State.

From the Portland Advertiser.

LINCOLN MONUMENT.

We are glad to learn that measures are in motion for a Monument to Gov. LINCOLN.—It is time it was attended to. While our local pride is roused in this place for the building of a City Hotel, it is well that public feeling should be waked where is your Monument to your Gov. Lincoln? He was the man for the occa- sion. He was ready for it, and equal to it.

He was emphatically the Governor of the State. He was the State itself personified. His heart and soul were in it. He died in office. He was buried in the public ground with State ce-

remonial. His remains are embedded in the Capitol. The deposit is not private; it is

strictly the property of the State. He is the

first of that race, of certainly not ordinary or

inferior men, that have been raised to high trust

and eminence since the independence of Maine;

who can add to the general title of merit the

mournful claim of being no more. If any man

among us has deserved not to go down among the unhonored dead, and to have his memory

that were possible—conveyed to oblivion—it

is he. It is for zeal and services such as his

that statues have been erected. The decree of

public sentiment, which raises a monument to

his memory, shall be ratified by posterity. But

the world should not be left to them.

Without admitting the reproach that repub- licans are always ungrateful, it cannot be denied that republicans are frequently jealous of ex- peditors from the public treasury for purposes not plainly pointed out in the written text of the constitution, and which may be converted into precedents for the most prodigal abuses. There are those who would freely subscribe ten

or even a hundred dollars, for so noble an ob- ject as the present, out of their own pockets,

who would not suffer a cent to be taken from the public purse. Such a tribute as this ought

not to be the cold and dry product of taxation.

It had better be the free will offering of freemen

than a forced assessment according to the mere

ratio of property. It is not a thing to be carried

through a Legislature—but one that should be carried by the hands and acclamation of their constituents!

Again; this is an object to which all who

stand together in the relation of fellow citizens,

would like to contribute as equally as in their power. This is the true representative tool of the community. The ratio, in these things, is one, not of property, but persons.

Every man carries his vote—and every man shoulders his musket alike. All contribute to the same proportion to the support of their minister. Every citizen has an equal share in the honor of the State, and the fame of its illustrious chiefs. All therefore should have the privilege of contributing to an object of this kind as equally as possible; and for this purpose the amount of subscription should be fixed

ry suffrages—that the people are bound to no of his sentiments, that he was in the worst pos- itself into its vital. A handsome young shade

individual in the exercise of the elective fran- sensible humor with his friends and his party; no tree, about twenty feet in height, standing in

chise—that they have an undoubted right to such thing! those who make such assertions front of the Court House in this town, was bro- ken down by the wind during the shower on

whom they have brought forward to fill public offices, are suffered to remain in office during

of the Democratic Party in every part of the

State to the nomination of Mr. Dunlap. Let one of them be detected in following his vil-

ainous pursuits. The appearance of this in-

sect is much like that of a small earwig so call-

ed, destitute of wings, but liberally supple-

ed with legs and strong teeth. It is remarked,

that in groves of Locust trees, only those on

the outside of it are attacked by the insect, im-

plying that light and heat are necessary to sus-

tain it. A slight covering of some kind, then,

upon the outside of the tree while young, might

save it from all these destructive injuries.

[New York Working Mens Advocate.]

A finback whale of the largest class has been seen off Whitehead light by the schooner Experiment, bound from Salem to Northport, Maine, which ran upon the rocks near the light, and after floundering some time slipped off and came close to the schooner. The whale was evidently much agitated and threw himself out of water as he approached the schooner, not a little to the fright of a lad at her bows, who thought he was about to be swallowed up. The whale gave the vessel a sensible shock in passing her.

FIRE.—The Paint-Shop and Furniture Ware-

house of Meserve and Longfellow, in this town

was destroyed by fire, on Thursday last. The

occupants were making Japan, when by some

unknown casualty, the substance took fire, and immediately filled the whole room with flame,

so that they had barely time to escape with

their lives. Nothing was saved from the shop:

The store of Wm. B. Reed, at a few feet distance, was also much injured, the roof being mostly burned off, and one wall nearly consti-

tuted. Goods nearly all saved.—Whole loss about \$4000. Through the efficiency of the

new fire Engines, property was saved in this

single instance, nearly or quite equal to their cost.—Bangor Rep.

ROBBERY.—A number of blacks who had been at a ball the night before last, conducted themselves in such a disorderly manner while passing up Broadway between two and three o'clock in the morning, that it became necessary for the watch to interfere. Some of the most riotous and disorderly were conducted to the watch-house, and ordered by the magistrates in the morning to find bail for their good behaviour.—[N. Y. Enquirer.]

#### DIED

In Canton, 3d inst. Mr. Jacob Lethrop aged about 73 years, a Revolutionary pensioner

At a Court of Probate held at Freyburg within and for the County of Oxford, on the sixth day of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three. On the petition of Andrew McMillen, Administrator of the estate of John Colby late of Freyburg in said County, yeoman deceased, representing that the real estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of two hundred seventy-seven dollars and thirty cents, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.

That the petitioner give notice to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, and causing a copy of this order to be published in the Oxford Democrat printed in Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of October next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

COPY ATTACHED: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Waterford within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifth day of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

REUEL EASTMAN, Administrator of the estate of Davis Washburn, late of Livermore in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased and also his own private account against said estate.

ORDERED.—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat print- ed at Paris in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

A true Copy, Attest: JOSEPH G. COLE, Reg't.

At a Court of Probate held at Waterford within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifth day of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

LEVI HUBBARD and SAMUEL STEPHENS Execu- tors of the last Will and Testament of Lemuel Jackson late of Paris, in said County, deceased, having presented their sixth account of administration of the estate of said deceased—

ORDERED.—That the said Executors give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat print- ed at Paris in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

A true Copy, Attest: JOSEPH G. COLE, Reg't.

CAUTION.

